

Clive Barker's Hellraiser: Book 1 (1988) \$4.99 each

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

Erik Saltzgeber
John Bolton

Sholly Fisch
Dan Spigle

Jan Strnad
Bernie Wrightson

Ted McKeever



Illustrated by Clive Barker

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PERFORM



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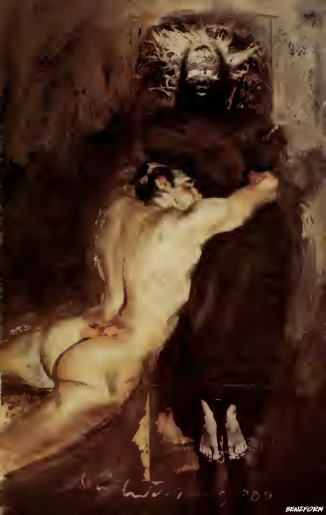
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FOREWORD

Be warned — at the end of this foreword, things are going to get horrible.

For several years, Archie Goodwin and myself had discussed the possibility of Epic doing a horror comic. We were both convinced that the the unique melding of words and images that is comics offered a powerful forum for tales of terror; we were also equally convinced that to use the medium to its fullest potential *today* would require us to overcome the pitfalls of so many horror comics of the recent past, the ones where the stories always ended with a cliched "twist" of, "And she woke up the next morning to find that her husband — in the bed next to her — **HAD REALLY BEEN DEAD FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS!**" We needed something more — an arena where our stories could develop the texture and complexity we wanted, independent of the conventions of the past; an arena where the rules of old went out the window and, for a change, the Christians ate the lions.

We found that arena in Clive Barker's two films, *HELLRAISER* and *HELLBOUND: HELLRAISER II*. Epic had been offered the chance to do a comic adaptation of *HELLBOUND*, but neither Archie or myself felt a straight adaptation could do justice to the runaway-train-of-malevolence feeling that had impressed us about both movies. But if there were some way to tap into the heart of Clive's *HELLRAISER* mythos, some way to overturn its rocks and see what new and delightfully dark things might slither out...

At Archie's suggestion, we locked ourselves in a room with Clive (perhaps not the sanest of suggestions given the sort of things Clive writes books and makes movies about) and writers Erik Saltzgaber and Phil Nutman, the five of us then setting out to pick apart and expand the tapestry of the *HELLRAISER* universe with our questions: What had created the Lament Configurations — the puzzle boxes that opened the doorways to Hell? Were there other puzzles that did the same thing? What commands the Cenobites — the mutilated demons summoned by the solving of one of the puzzles? Did any one of us have the key to the lock that would let us out of that room?

From that meeting came a bible — or, given the nature of the project, perhaps more appropriately a *grimoire* — a set of concepts and guidelines that established what could happen in this world across time and space. Those concepts then went out as a call to arms to artists and writers to do battle in our new arena, a chance to develop their own stories and Cenobites — tales that would interact and cross over each other within the *HELLRAISER* universe, each new vision helping to build a unique and horrific mythology.

This book you hold is the beginning of that new myth, the beginning of art and stories that you will hopefully find yourself returning to every now and again when you feel the need to have something crawl under your skin — and pull it off from the inside; tales you will hopefully return to every now and again...

...if there's anything left of you after the first time through.

D.G. Chichester

INTRODUCTION

The extraordinary thing is this: that the moment you make a story or create an image that finds favour with an audience, you've effectively lost it. It toddles off, the little bastard; it becomes the property of the fans. It's they who create around it their own mythologies; who make sequels and prequels in their imagination; who point out the inconsistencies in your plotting. I can envisage no greater compliment. What more could a writer or a film maker ever ask, than that their fiction be embraced and become part of the dream-lives of people who it's likely he'll never even meet?

HELLRAISER, and to a lesser extent the novella upon which it's based, *The Hellbound Heart*, were pieces of work that elicited these welcome responses from their first appearance on page and screen. That the Lament Configuration and the Cenobites its solving summons – Pinhead especially, of course – be taken to the hearts and imaginations of so many healthily perverse folks around the world was both surprising and reassuring to me. The former because the film had been made very cheaply – as much to prove to myself and the overlords of Hollywood that I could turn a modest amount of money into a marketable film; the latter because the images and ideas in the picture were extremely dark, and I was delighted that there was a sizeable audience for a horror film that didn't dice adolescents in the shower, or have its tongue buried so deeply in its cheek it could lick out its ear from the inside.

But back to what I was saying about the work being possessed by others. After *HELLRAISER* came *HELLBOUND: HELLRAISER II*, in which writer Peter Atkins and director Tony Randel took the open-threads of the first movie and wove their own sequel. It wasn't the movie I would have made, but it was immensely interesting to see how other minds and other talents dealt with the ideas; exploring avenues I hadn't even contemplated when I first set pen to paper.

Which brings me on to the comic book in your hands, the first of what I hope will be many such little monsters. It's twin godfathers are Archie Goodwin and Dan Chichester, and its many parents are listed in the pages that follow. Though my name's on the cover I am, you see, just a bystander at this baptism. But I'm proud nevertheless. Not just that so many fine creators were sufficiently attracted by the conceits of *HELLRAISER* to expand its fictional world with tales of their own, but because – lo and behold! – the little bastard movie I made's got a life of its own.

Who'd have thought it? Who'd have *ever* thought?



Clive Barker

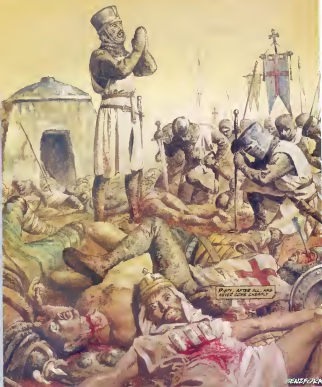
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The Canons of Pain

ERIK SALTEGADER — JOHN BOLTON — BILL GAKLEY

THE LEVANT: THE SLAYER OF HOLY LANDS. BEHOLD THE DEATH OF JERUSALEM. THE KING OF COUNTESSSES UNDAUNTED BY DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE LEVANT. KING OF COUNTESSSES UNDAUNTED BY DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE LEVANT.

IN THE PRESENT COUNTESSSES LIVES. AFTER LONG, HOT AND POWERFUL TO DO IN THE COURT AND BLOOD AND THAT HIS TRUTH SHOULD BEHOLD BY EAGLES.



BEYOND ALL, THE
LEAVY AND LEAVY

LEAFY CARILLON, THE HEIR OF THE COUNT OF CARILLON, CURRENTLY ON A CRUISE TO RETURN THE ARCADE PRINCE'S BUREAU OF ST. BERNARD TO FRANCE, THE COUNT'S PERSONAL AND THE PRINCE'S WARDEN OF FRANCE, AND THE LADY CARILLON HAS JUST MANAGED TO BRING THE COUNT'S REMAINS OF HIS HEIR COUNT.



LADY CARILLON, MYSELF
RECOGNIZED IT HERE
TO SEE YOU.



AND
NOT ME



TO WHAT
OF IT AND THE
SUSPECTED OTHER
FURTHER

IF LADY CARILLON, I
WAS GOING TO BRING YOUR
APPROPRIATION IN ALLIANCE
IN FRANCE TO CELEBRATE
THE HEIR OF ST. JUNE
ON THE DAY OF THE
NEW MOON.



WELL, FATHER, YOU DON'T NEED
AN APPROVAL. THE CHURCH REIGNS
BUT IN OUR LAND, AND YOUR
WISDOM WOULD FOR ONE MORE DAY
BEFORE THEIR CHOICES ARE MY
WORD AS THEIR LANDLORD.

NOT SO, MY LADY, MY FATHER
RESPECTS THE LAND OF SAINT AND
OF CARILLON, ESPECIALLY THE COUNT
AND YOU, MY LADY, HAVE ALWAYS
BEEN FINE TO THEM, AND YOUR
WIT IS BEYOND QUESTION.



THANK YOU, FATHER, AND
BY ALL MEANS, CELEBRATE
WILL BE TO IT THAT YOU ARE
PROVIDED WITH AN OF SO
PROPERLY REED YOUR
FATHER.

THANK YOU,
MY LADY.





MY HUSBAND RETURNED OVER
A YEAR AGO, BRINGING HIS
COWARD AND A MOTHER
TRAVELLING BAG. WE RETURNED
WE ALLOWED HIM LINGER AND
HIS RETURNED TO WALL INTO
DARKNESS.

AND AT LAST, I WENT LEFT TO FATHER
AND HAVE BEEN BORN WITH MOTHER WITHIN
THE HOUSE. ABOUT FATHER BORN WAS A
MOTHERLY FOR MOTHERLY. I WENT
WENT TO THE END OF THE FATHER BORN
AND IN ALL THE MOTHERLY FATHER, I WENT
ATTACHED THE MOTHERLY... AND THEIR
MOTHERLY. NOT TO BATTLE IN BATTLE
ONE BATTLE BATTLE BATTLE... AND THE BATTLE



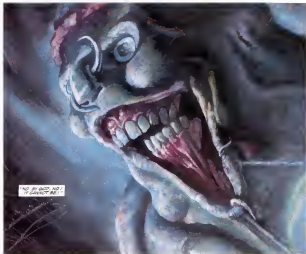
NOT I NOW KNOW THE TRUE NATURE OF THE TRAVELLING MY HUSBAND
BORN. IT IS BORN FROM A MOTHERLY BORN THE END
THEY BORN. BORN FROM THE MOTHERLY BORN BORN BORN
BORN IT IS A BORN TO BORN THE BORN BORN, TO BORN BORN
TO THE BORN AND THE BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN
BORN TO THE BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN
BORN. MY HUSBAND BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN
IT. BORN OF THE BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN BORN

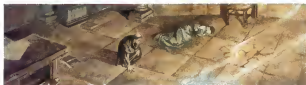


WHO DARE NOT USE THE BUTTER OF IT
I WILL BEE AT YOURS! SAID

I HAVE
COME TO
SEE YOU
SAID









BUT THE DAYS ARE LONG
AND I HAVE BEEN HIS MATE



I HAVE BEEN THE DEAR, OLD, OLD
MATE WHOSE HANDS WERE THE FIRST
TO HOLD THE FIRST BIRTH OF
OUR LINE, TO HOLD THE FIRST
CHILDREN FROM ALL DIRECTIONS



FOR HE KNOWS THE NAME THE FATHERS
AND I REMEMBER HIS NAME, AND HE WILL
DEAL WITH THE FIRST TELLING OF BLOOD
FOR BLOOD IS THE FIRST AND
LAST OF ALL

HE SHALL NOT FALL
AND NOT BE LOST



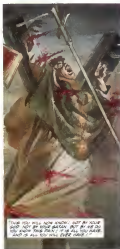
MY BABY WILL
BE BORN AGAIN



AND I WILL NOT
BEAR MY CHILD
AND BORN IN
A WORLD OF
WISDOM



HE SHALL BE AS
TO HIS NAME TODAY





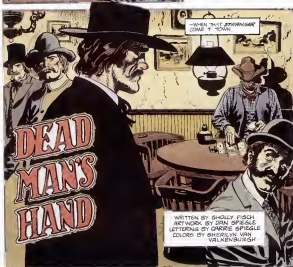


THEY WAS A PRETTY FAST-LIVE BUNCH DOWN IN
DARVER'S CREEK. DON'T SUPPOSE MUCH OF ANYTHIN,
COULD OF TOOK EM BY SURPRISE.

OFTEN, THAT ONE TIME,
OF COURSE.



—WHEN THAT JOHNNYBROT
CAME T' TOWN.



WRITTEN BY SHOLLY FISCH
ARTWORK BY DAN SPIEGLE
LETTERING BY GARRIE SPIEGLE
COLORS BY SHERELYN VAN
VALKENBURGH



NOW, WE'D HEARD TELL OF THIS SORT OF THING BEFORE. BLINDER WAS SOME FOLKS WOUND UP BLIND FOR LIFE.



THE OTHERS, WELL...



...THEY JUST KIND OF DISAPPEARED.



GIVE A
GIFT

SOME SAY JOE DIDN'T
WHAT HE DISCOVERED
THAT DAY.



WE'LL
USE ANY CUES
IF YOU'VE
FOUND

SOME SAY HE DIDN'T



WELL
CERTAINLY I
WOULDN'T WANT
YOU TO THINK HE
DISAPPEARED

YES, I FIGURED HE WAS
LIKE MOST FOLKS.



AFTER ALL
CHRISTMAS IS JOE
DISAPPEARING, WOULDN'T
YOU SAY?

HE'D DONE SOME BAD IN HIS DAY...



AND HE'D DONE HIS
SHARE OF GOOD









THE WARM RED

JAN STWARD
BERNIE WRIGHTSON
BILL WRAY
MICHAEL HENSLER



"ARE YOU KIDDING?
I'VE GOT A SIX-FIGURE
PAYOUT TO PROTECT ONE
BASTARD OF MY NAME ON MY
DEED WITHIN FIFTY MILES
OF THIS PROJECT! AND
ZOO— I MIGHT AS WELL
TUCK IT IN MY MIDDLE EAR."

"YOU'RE
SURE OF YOUR
INFORMATION?"

"I GOT THE
GREEN LIGHT THIS
MORNING. WE'RE
DOING IT."



"MONEY-SUCK
GUARANTEED"

"LOOK, IF YOU
DON'T WANT IN—"

"SIT DOWN, SIT
DOWN, GUESS I WANT
IN. I JUST WANT TO
KNOW: I'VE GOT A LOT
OF MY MONEY."



"IT'S A DONE DEAL. WE'RE
TALKING MAJOR MONEY FOR
THE FIRM ITSELF —
MORE THAN A MILLION. MORE
THAN A MILLION — THEN YOU
ADD HOTELS, RESTAURANTS,
CASINOS. WE COULD
HIT THE MOON."

"WHERE?"

"THAT'S THE
HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLAR QUESTION. UN'T IT'S"



"WELL NOW, HOLD
WHEN THE PROSPECTIVE
GOLD, CONTINGENT ON
A 500% RETURN ON
MY NET INVESTMENT."

"THAT WOULD
OUR DEAL."

"THAT'S MY
DEAL. CALL IT
INSURANCE
AGAINST LOSING
LIFE."







BUT REALLY, BRIAN, I'M OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR MOTHER.



SURELY I'M...SAFE.



MY MOTHER WAS OLD. YOU'RE NOT LIKE HER. YOU'RE VERY... PRETTY.

YOU'RE LUCKY SHE'S NOT AROUND TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT. I DON'T THINK SHE'D BE TOO FLATTERED.



DON'T BE STUPID. SHE'D KNOW HOW COULD SHE HEAR?

OF COURSE, WELL—

—I'M FLATTERED ANYWAY, THANK YOU.

YOU'RE WELCOME.



THE FACT IS, BRIAN, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE ANYONE CALLED ME "PRETTY." THESE DAYS, I'M MORE FREQUENTLY REFERRED TO AS "A HANDSOME WOMAN."

AND USUALLY BY SOMEONE BUT IN A CHEERFUL TRYING TO SPILT MY COMMISSION.

HER SKIN IS SMOOTH, BUT PALE. IT WANTS—

—A DROP OF COLOR





I THINK I COULD
HELP YOU, BRIAN. I
COULD GET YOU A
GOOD PRICE FOR THIS
PLACE, THE HOUSE
AND LAND.

HOW
MUCH?



ANYWHERE TEN THOUSAND
FOR THE HOUSE, THE LAND.
I DON'T KNOW AS MUCH
AS THREE HUNDRED AN
ACRE, ANYWHERE WITH LUCK.



THAT'S
A LOT OF
MONEY.

I'M NOT ASKING
ANY PROBLEMS. I
COULD GET THAT BACK
IT'S A MATTER OF
FINDING THE RIGHT
BUYERS, WHOLESALE
IT OUT.



OF COURSE I
COULD BUY IT ANYTIME
RIGHT NOW, ALL OF IT.
NOW A LITTLE LESS.

NOT
TODAY.

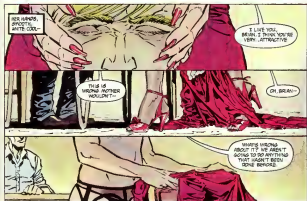


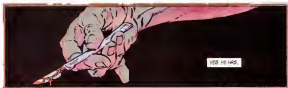
BUT YOU MAY NOT
WANT TO SELL, AT ALL.
ANYTIME WHEN YOU
AND YOUR GIRLFRIEND
GET MARRIED, YOU'LL
WANT A LITTLE--

I DON'T HAVE
A GIRLFRIEND.



REALLY? WHY
NOT? A FINE, STRONG
BOY LIKE YOU--







I TOLD YOU TO
GO. I HAD TO BRING
HIM HERE NOW. YOU
SHOULD HAVE LEFT
WHEN I SAID



WHAT IS
THAT THING I HEARD
ARE YOU DOING?

YOU'LL SEE



THE KING'S TORTURED WITHERING FLUSH IS BEGINNING
TO FADE. HIS MIND IS GONE, INCARCERATED IN THE
ECLIPSED SUBSTITUTION OF DEATH AND DEBATH,
BLESSED OBIVION AND PRECARIOUS AWARENESS.

BUT NOW I FEEL THE ELECTRIC HEAT OF THE CALL.
PRAISE LEVINTHORN! SOON, NOW, I WILL ENJOY A
BRIEF RESpite FROM THE TORMENT OF HELL.



DON'T WORRY MY
FRIENDS. WE HAVE TIME
ENOUGH TO FINISH
BEFORE I LEAVE!



THE PURSUIT OF MY OWN FLESH DELIGHTS ME! THE CHAOS OF CELLULAR AGITATION—
THE CACOPHONY OF LIFE—IS REPLACED WITH THE PURE MATHEMATICAL ORBITS OF
ELECTRONS, THE HARMONY OF CRYSTAL, THE SWEET MUSIC OF THE SUBATOMIC SPHERES!



ONE INSTANT THERE I
WAS! I'VE COME!

IT'S BEEN A LONG
WAIT, BUT MY
APPEARANCE IS
FINALLY PROLONGED!



I MATERIALIZE THE
GODS SEE ME AND
BEING TO SCREAM
UNCONTROLLEDLY



WELL, FACE

DEAR



YOU'VE KEPT
ME WAITING A
LONG TIME

I'M SORRY

I CAN SEE YOU
YOU KNOW FROM THE
OTHER SIDE YOU'VE HAD
OPPORTUNITIES.

I KNOW
I'M SORRY

I DON'T KNOW WHERE
SHE GETS THE ENERGY
TO SCREAM LIKE THAT

ALWAYS THE SCALPEL
DRIVEN IS A CREATURE
OF WAR

OH THERE'S
NOTHING TO DO
ABOUT IT NOW. I
TOLD YOU TO LEAVE
AND YOU DIDN'T. *Arise*
IS HERE NOW AND
IT'S TOO LATE

PLEASE...

FACE, FURROW.
LISTEN--



THIS PLACE IS
GOING TO BE BIG, REALLY
BIG. TWO YEARS FROM NOW
IT'LL BE SWARMING WITH
MORE PEOPLE THAN THAT
LAMEBRAIN CAN
COUNT.

THEY CAN BE YOUR
FACE. I PROMISE IT. I
DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT
I'LL FIND A WAY THEY'LL
BE HAVING.

DON'T LISTEN
TO HER, FACE! SHE'S
LYING. DON'T LISTEN
TO HER!

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF --
HE'S MESSING UP EVERYTHING.
HE'S WEAK, FACE! I'M STRONG.
HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE'S
GOING, WHAT HE WANTS. I'VE
GOT PLANS, FACE. I CAN
DELIVER WHAT YOU
NEED.

YOU NEED A
PARTNER WHO'S A
WINNER. DON'T
SNEAK YOURSELF
WITH A LOSER. HE'S
NOTHING, LESS
THAN NOTHING.

SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!

DUMP THE
WEARD! LET ME
HAVE HIS PLACE. I'LL
DO MORE FOR YOU
THAN HE'S EVER
DREAMED OF.

SHE'S LYING.
IT'S A TRICK TO
MAKE US LET HER
GO. DON'T BELIEVE
HER, FACE.

GOODNESS
BEHOLD, IT'S BEEN
FUN.

I THINK
SHE MEANS WHAT
SHE SAYS.

FACE...

BUT NOT
NEARLY, NEARLY
ENOUGH.



I WON'T KILL
HIM, OF COURSE



I COULDN'T TAKE CHILDREN'S
ASSURANCES AT FACE VALUE.
AFTER ALL, MANY THINGS I WAS
PROMISED WERE PLUMBERS
THAT CANNOT BE DELIVERED
IN REALITY



FOR BRIAN, IT WILL BE
A RETURN TO HIS
CHILDHOOD. FOR ME, A
DIVERSION. FOR HER,
IT'S A TEST.

I TOLD HER TO THINK OF IT
AS AN AUCTION. I TOLD
HER TO USE HER IMAGINA-
TION TO HAVE FUN WITH
THE RULES.



HE BEGS, BUT SHE IGNORES HIM,
STUFFING HIS BODY CAREFULLY
ALWAYS. THE HARDEST PART IS
DECIDING WHERE TO BEGIN, IT'S
DOOF THAT SHE'S SO PARTICULAR

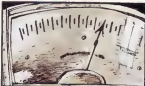
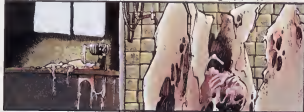


IN... SHE'S MADE HER
DECISION. LET'S SEE
WHAT SHE DOES...

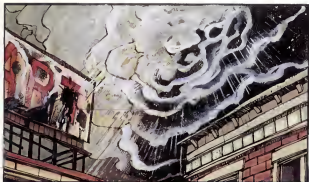




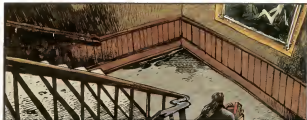
Dance of the Fetus by Ted McKerver

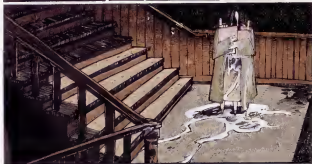












ANOTHER FALSE
IMPRESSION.
HOW MUCH LONGER
MUST I WAIT?







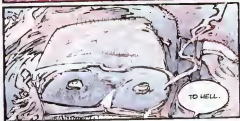


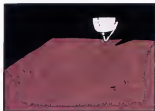














AFTERWORD

To gain entry past the gates of Hell, the characters in our stories must make the choice to solve one of the myriad puzzles placed selectively across the cosmos by the powers of darkness. Your own journeys into darkness with us are no less intricately achieved – for each of our stories is a new piece in a complex puzzle that we offer to you, our gentle readers.

Some of the pieces you have to look forward to in the coming months...

- ❑ The answers to a crossword puzzle lead to an unspeakable terror in Neil Gaiman and Dave McKean's "Wordsworth".
- ❑ A ruthless warden must solve the mystery of a prisoner's escape in "The Vault", by Marcus McLaurin and Jorge Zaffino; the warden's only clue: a strange puzzle box left sitting in the missing man's cell...
- ❑ The return of Jan Strnad's Cenobite, Face, in tales of the near past ("To Prepare A Face"), and the far future ("The Crystal Precipice").
- ❑ An artist gets more than he bargained for when he takes lessons from Hell in Phil Nutman and Bill Koeb's "The Pleasures Of Deception".
- ❑ A brilliant musician finds the notes he writes have charms which madden the savage beasts when *HELLBOUND* screenwriter Peter Atkins plays his "Songs Of Metal And Flesh".
- ❑ Hoping to uncover the reasons behind his brother's death, a young scientist delves into the mystery of a series of mass suicides in "Glitter & Go", by Ron Wolfe and Dan Spiegle.
- ❑ Ted McKeever's unlikely duo of Mr. Soul and Simply Fetus (from "Dance Of The Fetus") reunite at a New Orleans jazz club in "Closing Time".
- ❑ A computer simulation takes its programmers to nightmarish levels of experience in Mark Kneece & Scott Hampton's "The Threshold".
- ❑ Plus singular images of Hell's labyrinths from Bill Sienkiewicz, Jon J Muth, Kevin O'Neill, A.C. Farley, and a legion of other artistic talents...

These are the pieces layed out before you. Yours is the thrill and the challenge of turning them over, of getting to know them, of putting them together.

You solve the puzzle.

We'll be waiting to pick up your pieces when you're done.

D.C. Chichester





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CLIVE BARKER WITH VANCE SMITH
Presents "The Great South Sea" by Vance
Smith. In this story, a man is taken to a
remote island in the South Sea and must
survive. The story is a classic of the
genre, and is a must-read for anyone who
likes the genre. The story is a classic of the
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THE GREAT SOUTH SEA by Vance Smith

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THE GREAT SOUTH SEA by Vance Smith

All-new chilling tales that take you beyond
the horror that began in Clive Barker's
darkly malevolent films—tales of terror the
movies don't dare unleash...



BONEFIRE